

Curtain Rises on "The Mikado" Friday, 8:15 p.m.

Woman Parliamentarian Visits in City

Dorise Nielson, M.P., Tours Dominion Supporting Course Of Democratic Way of Life

North Battleford Member Speaks From Non-Party Standpoint

WIFE SASKATCHEWAN FARMER

Is Sole Woman Member at Ottawa

"Democracy is a living thing. If you seek to bind and chain democracy, if you seek to keep it for a while without letting it live and without permitting it to exercise itself, democracy will wither, it will die." These are the words of Mrs. Dorise W. Nielson, Canada's only woman member of Parliament, who will address a public meeting at the Empire Theatre on Monday, February 3rd, at 8 p.m. Her subject for that evening is "Democracy Must Live in Canada Now."

Mrs. Nielson is making this trip across Canada in the interests of democracy. She is not being backed by any political party.

The life story of Canada's only woman M.P. would fill the pages of an autobiography with gripping interest. Mrs. Nielson's life has not been the usual one of study and public appearance that the average member of parliament has led. Instead, paths and hardship have left their mark.

Life has been a continuous struggle for the woman who was elected as a Unity candidate in Saskatchewan in the last federal election. Dorise Webber received her education in her native London, where she taught school for three years. But Miss Webber wanted a change, and so she looked to Canada. In Saskatchewan her English teaching certificate was accepted. In 1928 she married Peter Nielson, a Saskatchewan farmer.

Mrs. Nielson knew nothing about farming, but she dug in with her husband to do her best as the wife of a western farmer. For a time their efforts showed results, and the farm yielded a good wheat crop. Then the depression and the drought struck almost simultaneously. Conditions grew steadily worse until the Nielsons were forced to apply for relief along with hundreds of other drought-stricken people of that area. Imagine what an experience living on \$12.25 a month was for this courageous woman and her family of four.

In 1930 Mrs. Nielson entered the political field, and in 1940 won a seat in parliament as a Unity Progressive in a strict Liberal riding against a strongly entrenched Liberal candidate.

Her function in Ottawa, in Mrs. Nielson's own words, is "to bring to the attention of the public the conditions of the people I have lived among."

Mrs. Nielson's visit in Edmonton is absolutely non-political. It is solely in the interests of democracy.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA AUXILIARY BATTALION

Part I Orders—No. 4
By Lieut.-Col P. S. Warren, Officer Commanding—Edmonton, Alberta, 25 January, 1941.

1. Last Order No. 3, dated 17 January 1941.

2.—Duties:
For Tuesday and Thursday parade 1600-1800 hrs. only — A/Cpl. McPherson.

3.—Parades:
See Time-table posted for regular parades.

There will be a parade on Saturday, 1 February, 1941, from 1330-1730 hrs. for "F" and "H" Companies.

These Saturday parades are necessary in order to get in 110 hours of military service before the first of April. Those who have not put in their hours will have to parade on into the final examinations.

Subjects—S.A.T., P. 4; P. 1, Ross; Bayonet, P. 5; Gas, P. 15; A.D., Recap.

4.—Training:
S.A.T., P. 3 (Loading; Gas, P. 14; A.D., Piling Arms; Bayonet, P. 4; P.T.).

5.—Schools:
(a) There will be a voluntary school for all instructors on Sunday, 2 February, 1941, from 0930-1230 hrs. Subjects—S.A.T., P. 4; P. 5, 6; Bayonet, P. 5, 6; A.D., P. 10-15.

(b) Some instructors, both officer and N.C.O., have not been attending one of the regular weekly schools. These schools are necessary to recap the work to be taught the following week, and all instructors must attend one of them.

6.—War Services Board:
The case of J. S. Rowe, who refuses to take military training, is now in the hands of the War Services Board.

7.—Attendance:
Attention of all ranks is called to the notice posted regarding absences before Christmas. According to the Regulation adopted by the University in conjunction with other Universities throughout Canada, all male students not specifically exempted must do military training to the extent of 110 hours during their

COYLE



Nellie Coyle, President of the Wauneita Society, who is to preside at the annual Wauneita banquet to be held February 11.

McCORMICK



Don McCormick, President of the Philharmonic Society, who is completing last minute arrangements for their production of the "Mikado."

LAWSON



Mary Lawson, who expressed her thanks to the Engineers for their contribution to the War Fund from the proceeds of last week's ball.

Muster Parade For February

It was announced today that a muster parade for the C.O.T.C. is scheduled for the end of February. The unit roll-call will be taken, and pay for a half-year's training will be distributed. This will probably be one parade at which the roll call will be complete.

Supplementary examinations for the paper common to all arms which was written last December will be held on March 22. Another O.T.C. paper will be written on March 23. This is the examination on specialized training which is now being given to various sections of the unit.

Saturday parades for the Auxiliary Battalion are to be held beginning this week in order to make up the 110-hour schedule being carried out. Before Christmas, the unit had put in 50 hours training. As there are only about 49 hours of possible parade left before the Engineers' finals begin early in the spring, extra training must now be put in. However, several parades will probably be held for Arts students after this.

As soon as weather permits, battalion drill is to be carried out by the unit. This is not now possible because of limited space in the Drill Hall.

Movie Going Is Topic of Address

At their regular meeting Tuesday, January 21, the members of the B.Sc. Nurses' Club heard a delightful informal talk by Mrs. Elsie Park Gowan. After a short business meeting conducted by the president, Peggy Graham, Mrs. Gowan was introduced by Kay Herman, third year class representative.

The topic she had chosen was "Movie Appreciation" or "Why Go to the Movies?" During the course of her talk, Mrs. Gowan pointed out that there are two definite attitudes of mind towards motion pictures, the high-brow and the low-brow, and that during the passing years these attitudes are growing closer together. Movies today, in comparison with those of the past, have more beauty, sincerity and realism. She stressed the "human interest" angle in many modern movies. Each person, to be an intelligent "movie-goer," must have his own standards, must read good reviews. "Every time we go to the theatre we cast a vote as to whether we want more good movies or more trash."

In closing, Mrs. Gowan gave a delightful account of a visit to Hollywood last year, visiting sets and attending a premiere as a guest of one of the directors.

NOTICE

Rush tickets for all performances of the "Mikado" are still available, and can be obtained by presentation of Campus "A" Cards at wicket downstairs.

NOTICE

Commencing next week, The Gateway will be issued only on Thursday.

University term, another 110 hours to be made up at camp. This time will be covered by regular parades, but parades missed will have to be made up at special parades held later in the year.

R. E. BELL,
Lieut.-Adjutant,
University of Alberta,
Auxiliary Battalion.

Model of Oil Refinery Shown At Science Ball

Funnels, Carttons, Also in Elaborate Decoration

Carrying on the good old wartime spirit, Engineers prohibited corsages at their annual ball, and tiny flags were given each lady. In a sincere effort to help things along, thirty-five cents per couple was donated to the Wauneita War Workers.

Arriving at Athabasca Hall, lads and lassies found themselves confronted by a long and very dark tunnel. A sign at the entrance warned them (in large letters), "Danger—Engineers at Play." Undaunted, however, in they went, stumbling over what seemed to be ladders laid along the floor of the tunnel, and being careful not to lean on the walls, after seeing one person put his hand through it, and then himself. Signs at the end of the tunnel declared that "All's fair in love and tunnels," and "All's well that ends well."

Having been introduced to the patronesses—Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Allen—the guests roved about the room examining decorations. The clever model of an oil refining plant won many "ohs and ahs." When I think of the time it must have taken—well, it just ain't no wonder the Engineers don't get to their classes. However, when it came to explaining just how the refinery worked, there were worried faces and puckered brows.

"Hm—don't believe we took that up," "Well, now, I think it goes in here, but anyway, it's plain it comes out here—or does it?" Had a diagram of a refinery right here a minute ago—well, well! Imagine that! No diagram! And so far in to the dance.

On the other side of the room was a dam, ingeniously constructed. Nobody knew much about it either, but by this time we were used to it. There were unique decorations over all the lights, representing bridges, engineering equipment, etc., etc.

In a room off the dance floor was a long line of works of art. Evidently drawing classes learn a thing or two about cartoons, too. The masterpieces, which certainly must have made artists of the past ten centuries at least, turn over in their graves with envy, depicted some miners—fat, grimy and with the traditional week's growth of beard, seen so often on the Engineers on the campus. Just to give you an idea, one cartoon pictured two very grizzled, very bulky men, one of whom was almost sweating blood as he moved a cart of coal, and saying to the other, "If she thinks I'm going to push her around, I'll dance floor all night, she's crazy."

Refreshment counter was named "Wilf's and Jeff's." On each side of it were two barrels. However, all attempts to have them opened were in vain, and the drinks were orange, and unsipped.

Lunch was served at "Ike's and Bob's." Instructions on the door said that if you didn't like the eats, "to scram." Anyway, the eats were good, and the chicken salad, as one Engineer remarked, had chicken in it. Above the noise of clamping jaws came cheers, yells, songs and even an impromptu speech. Needless to say, the speaker barely escaped with his life as buns, etc., skinned past his head.

Cec Cameron's orchestra turned out everything from boogie-woogies to Strauss waltzes. Dancing stopped at 1 o'clock and the decorations soon vanished into pockets. With their customary energy, the Engineers had the tunnel in ruins by that time.

Lawyers Begin System of Fines

The Law Club has established a system of fines for persons who obnoxiously interrupt the silence of their library and for those who fail to return books to the shelves. This rather unique procedure, which was created last year, has only recently been enforced because of the increased number of law-breakers.

Offenders who, after receiving one warning, still persist in ignoring the heed of justice are thereupon fined twenty-five cents by a committee headed by Cec Robson, Gubby Gore and Pete Levique. The fine is deducted from the student's caution money.

The would-be lawyers are unanimously agreed that the scheme is a very successful one, with few offenders, and at the same time is proving an added impetus to learning.

Industries Call McGill Students

A resolution adopted by the Senate of McGill University last week makes it possible for undergraduate students in Chemistry and Chemical Engineering to obtain positions in war industry. If their work proves satisfactory, they will be awarded degrees at Convocation ceremonies in October.

The Faculty of Engineering at McGill has already arranged for some of the students to take advantage of this. In the field of Chemistry plans have been made to give students theoretical work to be taken in vital industries. This applies only to fourth year students in Honors Chemistry and Chemical Engineering, who will be able to obtain their Science degrees in a special convocation in October.

Pharm Banquet Next Saturday

Annual Pharmacy banquet is to be held on Saturday, Feb. 1, at the Macdonald Hotel. A bang-up crowd is expected to attend, since it is generally recognized that the Pharm. Banquet is one of the most outstanding affairs of any year. Novel place cards and favors will add to the fun of the evening, but the form which they will take is a secret.

It is expected that most of the guests will attend the regular Saturday night dance after the banquet. Toastmaster will be the President of the club, Bill Skelton. Mr. A. Anderson, Mr. T. Langridge, Mr. A. Yates and Mr. C. Brocklebank will make the toasts, and replies will be given by Dr. W. A. R. Kerr, Col. F. A. Stewart-Dunne, Mr. J. Warner, and Miss C. Quinlan.

All arrangements are nearing completion. The committee in charge of the dance is: Bill Skelton, Miss C. Quinlan, Ted Langridge, Art Anderson, Miss M. McKechnie, Ches Brocklebank, Fred Plumb and Earl Lane.



Wednesday—
Mathematics Club, Corona Hotel, 6:30 p.m.
Commerce Club, Little Tuck, 7:00 p.m.
Boxing and Wrestling Tournament, Athabasca Gym, 8:00 p.m.
Friday, Saturday, Monday—
"Mikado," Convocation Hall, Fri. 8:15 p.m., Sat. 2:15 and 8:15 p.m.,

Near Ticket Sell-Out May Make Monday Performance Necessary; Sure To Be Hit

WILL BE SIXTH SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTION

Principals Rounding Off Edges in Last Rehearsals—Chorus Promises to Be One of Best

DRESS REHEARSAL WEDNESDAY

Six times the Philharmonic Society has turned to the works of the famous Sir William Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, and six times ticket sell-outs and extra performances have proclaimed the aim of any such presentation—it's a hit! Once again the swingy, catchy tunes of Sullivan and the witty action and dialogue of his partner Gilbert have been chosen for the current presentation, "The Mikado."

Surely you've noticed that opera has taken the "halls of learning" by storm. Who is there who hasn't seen the usually dignified co-ed break into a two-step and tilt "Three Little Maids From School" and heard the bored-with-it-all he-man break suddenly into "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring, Tra-la," then stop short with an exclamation, "But I'm only in the chorus," and start in on "We are gentlemen of Japan."

Gilbert, the master writer, forsook the sentimentality of his famous dramas for the satirical in the themes of his operettas. The Mikado is an amusing but nonetheless cutting musical satire of the evils of England of the last century. Pooh-Bah is more than a satire, he is the truth about the England of that day. The high political officials combined many functions and performed none of them well, and Gilbert exemplifies this delightfully through the pages of his brilliant score. The Mikado is a wonderful example of the gaiety and exuberant spirit of Sullivan's music. The notes come tripping forth, and one song is no more lifting than the one that follows it. It is all sparkle from beginning to end.

Equally celebrated in their own lines, Gilbert for lyrics and Sullivan for the libretto, it was only Sullivan who received a knighthood from Queen Victoria for his famous work in the operettas. "Gilbert," the worthy Queen declared, "was a mocker. He mocked the navy in Pinafore, the clergy in Patience, and the whole political system of England in 'The Mikado.' It was not till Edward VII came to the throne that Gilbert was knighted."

The Mikado was first produced on March 14, 1885, in the famous Savoy Theatre in London. It has been phenomenal in its popularity, and ran for 672 consecutive performances at its first production in London. The Mikado has given its author and composer an international reputation, for it has been performed in Germany and France as well as in America and the whole British Empire. In 1938 this catchy operatic score was produced in Hollywood with the D'Oyly Carte Company, perhaps the greatest company of its kind in the world. In the movie city no money was spared, no detail was overlooked, and The Mikado emerged, one of the first technicolor pictures, the hit of the year.

This year's performance by our society entails great responsibilities. Not only has The Mikado been produced in the movies, but it has also been done the campus only five years ago. For once the performance can not set its own standards but must live up to the successful reputation acquired by the cast of the first production. No one has any doubts as to what the critics' decision will be.

Everybody knows The Mikado's famous songs. Ko-Ko's "Tit Willow" to Katisha, perhaps the most popular, is one of Gilbert's unusual patter songs. Then of course there is "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring," sung by Ko-Ko, Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo. Sure to be a hit is the trio Yum-Yum, Pitti Sing, and Peep-Bo as they harmonize on "Three Little Maids from School." For sheer poetic lifting beauty, "A Wandering Minstrel I" is seldom surpassed.

Margaret Hutton, star of so many Philharmonic productions, is Yum-Yum, the ward of Ko-Ko, Roger Flumerfelt, who intends to marry her. Complications arise when Nanki-Poo, Jacques Sylvestre, the son of the Mikado, Jack Bradley, disguised as a wandering minstrel, falls madly in love with Yum-Yum. To add to the puzzle Katisha, Norma Madill, a noble lady of Japan, is engaged to Nanki-Poo. No one but Gilbert could have concocted such a story, so complicated, yet so simple.

What could be more effective against the Japanese setting than the multi-colored kimono of "the gentlemen of Japan" with their bustled backs, almond eyes and colored fans. The costumes, as usual, are being done by Mallabars in Winnipeg. Quaint as it may seem, the co-eds too wear kimono, coqueting with their fans as they snap them open in true Oriental fashion. Chrysanthemums in their hair will add to the Japanese atmosphere.

All in all, with Walter Holowach as conductor, Tommy Dalkin as dramatic director, and Alec Kevan as musical director, The Mikado

London At War Shown Monday By Film Society

ALSO ADDED SHORTS

The program of the National Film Society held at 8:15 Monday evening in Med 158, consisted again of five short documentary films.

Two of the features pertained to the war. "London River" showed the Thames, London's mighty road to the sea, together with a little of the great city on its banks. The commerce that, in spite of the war, still flows from all parts of the world through that busy channel was emphasized. On its banks were shown famous buildings which have been reported damaged by bombs.

"What of the Children?" showed how the mass evacuation of children was carried out from London to the country at the beginning of the war. Before the mass bombings began many of these children returned home, but evacuations have since taken place on a less extensive scale. In some respects, evacuation has been a blessing to these city children, who in escaping the war have also escaped from their crowded, smoky towns to the bright English countryside.

The third feature, "They Made the Land" was the story of Scottish thrift and labor, which through the last few centuries has turned the windswept rocks and bog-filled valleys into productive farms.

"Whose Promised Land" presented the problem of the Arab and the Jew in Palestine. The Arab regards the land as his own, and represents the competition of the immigrant Jew with his modern machinery. It is Britain's problem to settle this dispute, which has often flared into open rebellion.

Finally, "Water! Grass!" depicted the Navajo Indian as he lives today on his desert reservation. Some of the historical and cultural background of this brave and intelligent native people was shown, but the film illustrated chiefly the means by which the white man is helping the Indian to improve his condition.

Student Conchies Back at McGill

Another Suspended for Skipping Drill

MONTREAL, Jan. 28 (C.U.P.)—As a result of the federal government's having changed the war regulations regarding conscientious objectors, two of McGill's students are back at their desks today. An order-in-council on December 24, 1940, amended the National War Service Regulations to provide that persons of any religious denomination who for reasons of principle conscientiously object to bearing arms shall be exempt from combatant service, but may be called up by the government for non-combatant service of training during a period equal to that of the military training of their class. The McGill Senate, in line with the new Dominion requirements, have amended McGill's rules for compulsory training to provide that any student who is a conscientious objector shall be exempt from combatant military training, but shall be given a special course consisting of the present physical training and drill requirements supplemented by special work to replace the bayonet and musketry drill now given. The two students who had been suspended from the University for refusal to partake in the University's compulsory military training were given the opportunity of returning provided they agreed to take the special course. Both agreed, and said yesterday, "It is good to be back."

University yesterday suspended a student for not taking training until he makes up loss of drill. promises to live up to true Gilbert and Sullivan standards, and be a hit once more.

Once Upon a Time . . .

By Mary Barbara Mason

The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, the flowers that bloom in the spring. For simply weeks now those cute, catchy, comic compositions of Gilbert and Sullivan have completely captivated me. I sing them in the morning, I sing them at night, I go to bed singing them and make up still humming. Oh me, oh my, what am I going to do! In desperation I rushed madly through The Gateway files—to get away from it all. But here I am still humming, "We are gentlemen of Japan" as I scan pages in search of things worthy of note.

Had you heard that U. of A. was once attended by a student from the Province of Punjab, India? The lad was taking his Master of Science degree. Needless to say, he caused quite a sensation, although I just couldn't find out if he wore a turban or not.

Definitions always prove interesting, but one I found in an ancient Gateway took the cake. "Snoring," according to the editor of Casserole, "is the original sheet music." Don't laugh if you don't feel like it.

Once upon a time the co-eds had a party all of their own. No males—no, not one—well, maybe one, but only one, and he in feminine clothes. The co-eds really enjoyed the evening sans their escorts. The event was the Wauneita Society's annual masquerade. The costumes were a scream, ranging from Mae West to Charles Chaplin. The gals played games and danced, and generally enjoyed themselves. But that was a long time ago.

Puns may come and puns may go, but I think this one is just too, too cute for words. A burglar stole a trombone the other day. The hypothesis is that he belongs to a robber band. (I think they should have band that one!)

Did you know that on the third floor of the Arts Building there is a 100,000,000 year old carnivorous dinosaur—a Gorgosaurus. This sweet young thing was discovered by Dr. J. A. Allan of our Department of Geology in the Red Deer Valley. According to U. of A. geologists, it is typical of the form of life that used to roam the western plains. Am I glad I wasn't born a hundred million years too soon.

In past years The Gateway's chronicles have missed nothing in their search for the interesting. One deorous dissertation claiming that "Proverbs made me profane," went on to discuss the evident follies of well-known sayings. The author quoted several pairs of proverbs showing the ludicrous fallacies of such words of wisdom. Even "Einstein couldn't have made sense out of 'Look before you leap' and 'He who hesitates is lost.'"

Spring seems to be here again in the form of a chinook, and so is the cold in my nose. But I still manage to hum (rather nasally, I'll admit), O de flowers tat boom in de spring.

Comm Club Holds Supper Meeting

Second in the series of supper meetings held by the Commerce Club will be held in St. Joseph's College this Wednesday evening at 6:45. Guest speaker will be Mr. R. S. Sutherland, district supervisor of the Confederation Life Association. These supper meetings replace the club's customary luncheons, made difficult by the war training program. Members are urged to get their tickets early to facilitate the arrangements. They may be obtained from class representatives.

THE GATEWAY



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WHEN the laissez-faire system in which democracy grew up is allowed to grow like a rank weed, choking and smothering the flower it has borne, it is time that a firm check be made to stop its unhealthy growth. In the interests of fair play it should be possible to assume that one member of any democratic group is not going to take advantage of the other members. Monday morning when the Philharmonic ticket sale for the opera the "Mikado" opened, this assumption proved to be false indeed.

Whereas in other years it was at least possible to obtain "good seats" by taking one's turn in the line-up, the carefully planned organization of various persons and campus organizations, and the method of buying tickets in blocks made it impossible for even those near the head of the line to secure seventy-five cent tickets for Saturday night. These desirable seats were cleaned out with the exception of those in the very front, which might be better saved for young boys with peanuts, or perhaps as stocks for those individuals who have already demonstrated their complete disregard of playing the game.

This cleanout was effected by an organization which might well be likened to a miniature corporation, the activities of which democratic bodies have seen fit to curb. If the Philharmonic Society does not consider any control necessary, then either tickets may continue to be sold in lots of fifty or the democratic body here, that is, the Students' Union, will have to find some way of limiting the number of tickets that one individual may buy. The number decided upon would of necessity be arbitrary.

That unfortunate aspect of the required control arises out of the decision of a small group to send one person, whose name is withheld in kindness, to corner fifty tickets. That this group should support a student production is laudable; but that the support should not extend to the members of that group standing in line is not praiseworthy. It is hardly fair that all those standing past eighth in line should find their choice limited by the wholesale purchase extending quite beyond any imaginable right of one purchase.

Perhaps this incident, of definite importance in principle, will awaken student opinion from its winter hibernation.

THE FUTURE

Six months ago the world waited in breathless horror for the Nazis' secret weapon. Now we know what it is. It is the belief in democratic countries, spread sometimes innocently, sometimes otherwise, that something beyond our control is happening to our civilization and that Nazism and Communism are expressions of the future.

This new superstition denies choice. It denies free will. Yet we hear it, not whispered but shouted, not shamefacedly suppressed but proclaimed, in free America. What, in practical terms, does it mean? It means a submission to fate, which is in reality a cowardly submission to violence. It means slavery, not to an idea but to the men of blood who hide their malignant lust for power behind the shabby rags of an idea. To say that we must submit to a future in which we do not dictate terms is to say, specifically, that we must submit to Hitler or Stalin, or, if he is not already defeated, Mussolini.

Well, must we? We had better weigh our answer, for if we say yes, our national "preparedness" would be a joke that would make the gods of the new Olympus roll with laughter.

The leaders of the French Republic were convinced that they could

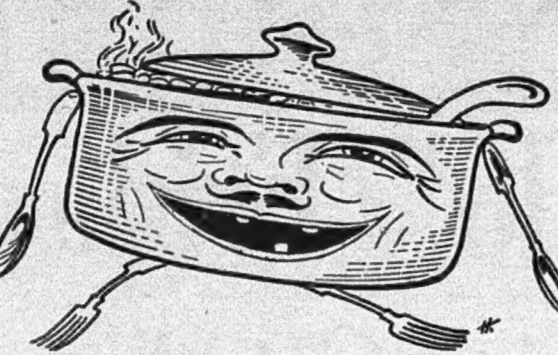
not "fight the future." Now there is no French Republic. The British people and their leaders were not convinced. At Dunkerque this false "future" said surrender; they did not surrender. When Goering's air flotilla came over, it again said surrender; they did not surrender. When Mussolini marched on Egypt it said retreat. Instead they took Sidi Barrani and Bardia and eighty thousand prisoners.

The Greeks were not convinced. For them the Fascist armies were not the bearers of an invincible "new order." They were braggarts who had come on a dangerous errand unprepared. In the mountains of Albania the Fascist "future" took what may be its fatal wound.

Do we need clearer answers than these to the new philosophy of defeat? The true future is no mystic tide that steals upon us while we sleep. It is what free humanity wills to be—what it wills it to be with men, guns, tanks, airplanes, fighting ships; what it wills with confidence and passion in brotherhood and justice. Democracy stands or falls upon the doctrine that no man and no nation need be the slave of destiny, or of any insolent minority which assumes the robes of destiny.

Nothing is inevitable! We can challenge and master the future. Those who doubt have a right to their opinion. But they are poor friends of human freedom and of this Republic as at present constituted. New York Times, Sunday, Jan. 19, 1941.

CASSEROLE



Changeable

A little girl, sitting in church watching a wedding, suddenly exclaimed:
"Mummy, has the lady changed her mind?"
"What do you mean?" the mother asked.
"Why," replied the child, "she went up the aisle with one man and came back with another."
A change is as good as a rest.

Cannibal Soothsayer—Did you know that the chief has hay fever?
Medico—Serves him right. We warned him not to eat that grass widow.

Old Lady (severely, to beggar)—Do you drink?
Beggars (cheerfully)—Yes, where shall we go?
Gosh, did he say the wrong thing?

"Your girl is spoiled, isn't she?"
"No, it's just the perfume she's wearing."
Tsh! Tsh!

Husband—That's a beautiful necklace you're wearing.
Wife—Yes, it's the one I found in the back of your car!
All good things come from angels.

The romantic young son of a retired banker staggered home one dawning and reported to his father that he was going to marry an infamous blonde songstress. "I'm mad about her, dad," sighed the scion, "and nothing, nothing can stop us from getting married!"

"I know just how you feel," sympathized the father. "Why, son, I was in love with her myself when I was your age."

Slightly subtle.

The Burning Question

Queenie—Have you ever kissed a girl?
Oswald—Is that an invitation or are you gathering statistics?
Math 42, or something.

"Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?"
"Bring your wife around, and we'll see."
Fair exchange is no robbery.

Dark Mystery

Tobe—See hyah, woman. Didn't Ah see you kissin' a no-count piece o' trash last night?
Liza—Gwan, Tobe. It was so dark Ah thought it was yo'.
Tobe—Come to think of it, mebbe 'twas me—what time was dat?
Could be.

Our Co-ed Department

Riding Instructor—Did you enjoy your horseback ride?
Betty Co-ed—Sorta. How could anything full of hay be so hard?
Lots of stuffed shirts are hard.

Then there was a girl named "Checkers" because she jumped whenever you make a wrong move.
The one I knew wasn't called Checkers.

Six-year-old Mary awoke about three o'clock in the morning. "Tell me a story, mamma," she pleaded.
"Hush, darling" said mother, "Daddy will be in soon and tell us both one."
If Daddy is going to tell one, I can quit. So long.

Beat Me, Daddy

The latest rave in pop tunes is the new smoothie High on a Windy Hill. A different chord sequence gives it a lovely melody with a rather slow tempo. Real wood stuff for you, Pembinites. It runs along the line of We Three and A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square, but it's different and good.

Frenesi is as good as ever after being introduced by Artie Shaw, but you ought to hear Glenn Miller's arrangement. Beyond a doubt this is Miller at his worst. Miller comes up with the nicest numbers, and then drops a clinker to spoil it all.

The Capitol now has Artie Shaw's picture Second Chorus. This is a "must" for everyone that goes for his new band. Get a load of Me and the Ghost Upstairs.

Woody Herman's new theme, Blue Flame, in solid blues is another result of the ASCAP-BMI scrap, and it's good; so is his arrangement of Blue Ink, stomp-stuff par excellence. Incidentally, there is no real news about the music battle yet, although the federal government in the States has begun to take action.

Cec Cameron, the maestro of the Macdonald, and his band are playing currently at the Strand Theatre with a Jitterbug Contest slated for Wednesday night. It will be good, and you're bound to get your kicks if you go. All five artists and hep cats are due for a disappointment if

THE GATEWAY

Men on Active Service Say "Thanks" For Christmas Cakes

Dec. 21, 1940.
To the Alumni Association,
U. of A., Edmonton.

Many thanks for the Christmas parcel, which arrived safely. The contents have a delicious odor, and shall be eaten with relish in due course.

It is my contention that the forces overseas will have an ideal Christmas, as preparations are going on in each unit with much enthusiasm and vigor. The number of parcels arriving is amazing, and I doubt very much if anyone is missed.

May you have a prosperous New Year. My best wishes.
CAPT. A. C. ABRAMS,
No. 2 Dental Company,
C.D.C., C.A.S.F.

Hello to Tommy Cross, Bobby Harrison, Aubs Bright, Skippy Barclay, etc.

Edmonton Regt., C.A.S.F.,
No. 3 Can. Inf. H.A.,
c/o Base P.O., Canada,
December 19, 1940.

Dear Members of the Alumni Association,—In yesterday's mail I received your present—in fact, up to date it is the first Christmas present I have received from overseas. I sincerely appreciate your thoughtfulness.

On Christmas Eve all the ex-students of the U. of A. are holding a party in our quarters, and we'll celebrate by opening your cake and other eatables received from home.

This Christmas our mess will be all decorated up with a tree and all the trimmings. We are going to act as host to about a hundred evacuated children staying in our neighborhood and separated from their families. At the base of the tree will be small presents for each child. Our Christmas dinner is going to be in good old Canadian style, consisting of all from turkey to nuts.

Up to the present we haven't had snow in our district as yet, but we have had plenty of rain to make up for it. The grass is still green, and when the warm sun does come out it feels like spring.

The English people I have met are a pretty good sort; the air raids and blackouts haven't got them down. Although the rationing is pretty strict and certain luxuries just can't be bought, everybody is expecting to celebrate this Christmas in spite of this hardship.

Our Canadian troops are well looked after and well fed; in fact, the complaints are almost nil. The complaints that are given are mostly due to the lack of action, as some of the troops have been over here for a year now and haven't had the opportunity to take a crack at the Jerries.

It makes me homesick to think of the snow and how Jasper Ave. will be lit up Christmas week. Here we have green grass, rain and blackouts.

Your respectfully,
LIEUT. BILL CHINNECK.



Edmonton, Alberta,
January 24, 1941.

Editor, The Gateway.
Dear Sir—To you and your staff we send greetings. We are writing to you to point out facts which in the hustle of putting out a paper you have obviously overlooked or failed to recognize.

Approximately 90 women students of the University of Alberta are in the Department of Household Economics, and these students are active in every phase of student life, as you realize when you consider that most of the women's executive positions this year are held by House Ecceers. Surely, then, they deserve some recognition.

Each year the Household Economics Club has held a banquet and dance. In past years this has been held off the campus and has received little attention except from those persons lucky enough to be invited. For the first time this year a House Ec. formal was held on the campus, receiving no previous publicity in The Gateway, through no fault of the club executive.

On Wednesday morning following the dance, The Tuesday Gateway carried a short write-up on the front page, to which we seriously object. For eleven lines of said write-up (for which we are humbly grateful) were given to a description of the dance, while nine lines were devoted to some far-fetched statements re co-eds and engineers. And what possible connection these statements have with a description of a House Ec. formal is not obvious to us.

Since The Gateway staff was conspicuous by its absence at our dance, we suggest you contact any of the lucky fellows who were there for further investigation regarding your innuendoes.

In closing, we ask you to recall the reformation program supposedly adopted by The Gateway, and ask you to give credit where credit is due. Until then, we remain,

ANNOYED HOUSE ECCERS.
Nellie Coyle, Barbara Peddesen,
Ruth Tanner, Gertrude Gattenmeyer,

they miss it. At press time a big surprise was being planned. It should be good. Let's see you all out.

One of the biggest troubles about a feature such as this is an inability to touch on all the music makers in the land. Duke Ellington, voted the most popular leader in the business; Count Basie, with a kick in his band like a Mickey Finn; and Jimmy Dorsey, king of the saxophone, have to be glossed over because of lack of

(Continued on Page 4)

4 C.C.S., R.A.M.C., C.A.S.F.,
Dec. 30, 1940.

The President,
The University Alumni Assoc.,
Edmonton.

Dear Sir,—Just a note to thank you very much for the very tasty cake that came along in good time for Christmas. It arrived in excellent condition, and was very much appreciated, as is the goodwill that was responsible for it.

You will be glad to know, too, that a good many of the other U. of A. boys here received their parcels intact, and as far as our unit is concerned, I believe they all arrived safely, in spite of Mr. Hitler's activities in the Atlantic.

Will you kindly convey our thanks and best wishes for 1941 to all members, and particularly those executive members who we know must have worked hard and long to make these gifts possible.

Sincerely,
CAPT. SMITH GARDNER,
Dec. 25, 1940.

Alumni Association,
University of Alberta.

Dear Fellow Members,—The Christmas cake added to the fun of the party. Thank you very much for sending it, and the thought that inspired it.

Sincerely yours,
WILF BACKMAN.

Edmonton Regt., C.A.S.F.,
c/o Base Post Office,
London, England,
Dec. 19, 1940.

The University of Alberta

Alumni Association.
Just a note to thank you for the Christmas cake and peanuts. The Green and Gold ribbon made me somewhat homesome. But I certainly do appreciate being remembered by the Alumni Association when I'm so far away.

As ever,
LIEUT. G. F. BLAIR.

Base Post Office, Canada,
Dec. 28, 1940.

U. of A. Alumni Association,
Edmonton Branch,
Edmonton, Alta., Canada.

Dear Sir,—Will you please accept my sincerest thanks for your kind remembrance of Christmas cake, which was received in excellent condition. It was indeed nice to be remembered, and I know that I express the sentiments of other ex-U. of A. men on active service. Lieut. H. P. Walker and Lieut. D. B. Smith, who are both in the same regiment as myself, have also received cake, and will doubtless be writing. Again many thanks.

Yours most sincerely,
MAJOR A. H. WARR.

The Secretary,
Alumni Association,
University of Alberta.

Dear Sir,—May I express my appreciation for the thoughtfulness of the Edmonton Branch in forwarding me a fruit cake. It arrived in excellent condition, and was much enjoyed by the members of our mess.

Sincerely,
LIEUT. G. C. HAMILTON,
15th Field Company,
Royal Canadian Engineers,
C.A.S.F.,
Dec. 20, 1940.

POESIE

COSMOGONICAL
Said a June Bug egotistical
In accents historical,
"Birds are hypocritical
And often quite satirical.

They are creatures too penniferous
With a taste too insectivorous,
And confidentially—odoriferous
To one like me, polliniferous.

In our insect world titanic
We have a temper quite volcanic
And with system aldermanic
We will start a rule tyrannic.

Then with swiftest institution
We will bring a retribution
To those birds of persecution
And enact our constitution.

In our new home so magnificent
No one shall be reticent,
But we'll feel effervescent
In a new life unobtruscent."

Thus spake our friend dramatical,
And his speech was quite fanatical
With intentions so pragmatical
For birds so autoecritical.

J. S. W.

Harriet Easton, Marguerite Grisdale, Isabel Howson, Nora McLeod, Dileys Jones, Kay Van der Mark, Mary M. Lawson, Mary Hannah, Virginia Morrow, Jean Hutchinson, Marion Cooper, I. MacKenzie, Margery Upson, Katherine Lister, Persis Capsey, Jean McEwen, Rena Wishart, Kay McNevin, Betty Ross.

CINEMA SYNOPSIS

By CORWIN PINE

I promised a column in this issue devoted to discussion of "Escape," together with a few comments upon last year's documentary films. Since making that resolution, I have seen "The Long Voyage Home." It is so fine a picture that I am going to allow myself a week's perspective before even attempting to analyze it. I feel my present enthusiasm should spill over into extravagant superlatives. No movie can be as good as I think this one is. I shall therefore stick to my original plan and try to clean up the loose ends still left over from the holidays. First, "Escape."

A gripping novel when serialized in the Saturday Evening Post, it retains sustained power on celluloid, and is admirably faithful to its original. Faithful, that is, in all but one thing. Hollywood has made the Countess a heroine, and to fanatics who want their books screened paragraph by paragraph until the very punctuation marks show through, this constitutes treason.

Such an attitude is sheer nonsense, for cinema writing involves an entirely different technique from that of the novel. Arch Oboler, the man whose half-hour show over NBC is one of the most popular dramatic programs on the air, is responsible for the screen adaptation of "Escape." He had strongly limbed characters and a sound, simple melodramatic plot structure with which to work. Apparently he decided that the Countess' essential value to the story was as a form of deus ex machina (certainly Freytag and Eschmann Ritter could never have gotten away without her aid). So he scaled the part of Ruby von Treck down to a minimum, and somebody formed Norma Shearer to accept the inevitable and play the role with grace and dignity.

The result is darned satisfactory, but only because Robert Taylor has grown in stature as an actor to the position where he can carry the picture himself, as necessitated by the change. His performance is natural, intelligent and restrained. I liked Conrad Veidt well enough as the General (a mean part to keep believable, incidentally), but the hit of "Escape" is contributed by Philip Dorn as the concentration-camp surgeon. This young man will bear watching; his screen debut here is as startling as was that of John Garfield in "Four Daughters." I hope he has better luck with his future vehicles than Garfield has been getting lately.

A friend said to me after "Escape": "I thought it was supposed to be an anti-Nazi show, but I was too interested in the story to notice." That is just what was so effective about the propaganda involved; the fact that it was subordinated to a narrative crammed with action. Not until the picture was over did you realize that its situations could be possible in no other locale than Germany.

A few other recent films deserve comment. I enjoyed "Tin Pan Alley" immensely. Its plot was so completely the standard one of most musical comedies that no thinking was necessary. You could go to sleep anywhere, sure that ten screen years might elapse before you came

to, but that the characters would keep on loving in the same old way. The producers might have picked better songs to glorify, but with Alice Fay, Jack Oakie and particularly Betty Grable doing the reviving—well, any one who starts to pick flaws is just an old sourpuss, and doesn't deserve to see Fred Astaire's "Second Chorus," which started Saturday at the Capitol.

Cinema Synopsis has reached this point when my conscience stepped down from the shelf where I usually keep it locked up. The following conversation ensued:

Conscience: "Here, here, my boy! This mellow mood will never do! Where is your critical sobriety?"

Me: "Oh, Paulette Goddard got away with that. She said it was overworked and needed a vacation." Conscience: "Vacation indeed! How do you expect to improve the cinematic tastes of these moronic University students if you let your sobriety take a holiday?"

Me: "Aw now, Conscience old kid, their tastes aren't so degraded as you make out. Why, I've found several people who thought 'Hudson's Bay' was pretty bad."

Conscience: "I don't believe it! Such intelligence is no good to be true!"

Me: "Now don't get cynical or I'll have to lock you up on the shelf again. In my present mood I won't hear a word against 'Hudson's Bay.' Anyway, I liked it; it was you and sobriety who got me all peevish."

Conscience: "All right, forget 'Hudson's Bay.' What about those documentary films?"

Me: "Let's forget them likewise, till another one comes along that we can compare 'em with." What I could go for this very minute is a nice, slick comedy like "Third Finger, Left Hand."

Conscience: "That was another day you deliberately left me and sobriety languishing at home."

Me (Dignified): "I was testing the critical reactions of a typical Freshette, and you two would have been quite superfluous."

Conscience: "Well, I can see it's no use reasoning with you. But when sobriety returns, you're going to regret the way you've been acting."

Me: "That's as may be. At this particular moment I'm happy about the whole thing, and you are going back on the shelf."

So I tucked Conscience away for the night, and with a bunch of the boys went over to the Garneau to heckle.

"Put up your hands!" commanded the larger of two bandits who had snatched the motor coach. "We're going to rob the gents and kiss all the ladies."

"No," remonstrated the smaller one, gallantly. "We'll rob the gents all right, but we'll leave the ladies alone."

"Young man," snapped a woman passenger of uncertain age, "mind your own business! Your friend's managing this hold-up!"

"Darling," he cried, "I will go through fire and water for you." To prove it, he got a job with the fire department!



"I sure gave the boss a piece of my mind."
"You'd get further if you gave him Sweet Caps."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."

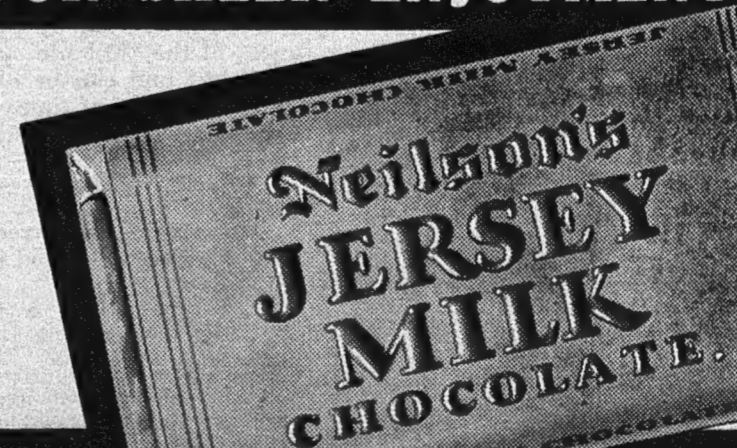
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UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS

(A Weekly Analysis by)
MIKE ROWSCOPE

If this issue be distributed on or before the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1941, it will be of interest to the readers to learn that the Medical Undergraduate Society is convening in Med 158, sharp at 7:30 p.m., for the purpose of reviewing films of interest and educational value to all years of Medicine. Films on Obstetrics will not be shown, but the executive has announced that the reels will include "The Anatomy of the Abdominal Viscera," "Colic Fracture," and several more subjects of equal or greater interest. This should prove an interesting evening of decided medical student value. What is more, tea will be served.

Since the inception of army training on the campus the student body has well learned its lesson of asking questions out of turn. Be that as it may, a statement from the proper military officials denying, confirming or qualifying the rumor on the situation as to "how much" spring training is on file for the students would be warmly received. The time is near at hand when individual plans must be made by the students for summer employment, and for this reason alone such a statement to the student body would meet with understanding and appreciation. If this general feeling of uneasiness be not soon quietened, a formal request for information sponsored by a proper representative body might well be carried forward.

We note the reference made by that Engineer in His column re the Meds. The aforementioned reference is of little interest, but we must admit that his story of the pursuing but misguided slide-toter, ignorant as Hades in the ways of women, was a bit amusing.

Ninety per cent of the female population at Alberta University

show no active interest in this unit's war effort—a bad state of affairs, and an error of ten or more per cent will not hide the trend. Seriously and dispassionately we wonder if the average woman holds any conception of the power they possess and the influence they exert, regardless of their effort, in the direction of world affairs.

Women down through the ages have been responsible, behind or in front of the scenes, for history's momentous decisions. You all recognize the part Mary played, Cleopatra, Elizabeth, Mmes. Pompadour, Lupescu, Laval (for the moderns) and now even Mrs. Roosevelt, all can be held for a large part responsible for the decisions their spouses have made, and will make.

What has Lupescu's amorous instincts or Mrs. Roosevelt's sociological urges to do with Alberta's co-eds, you ask? This: we realize that far-reaching effects this mighty upheaval will have, or should have, in order to justify itself. Its tremors will resound throughout every field of endeavor that is even remotely connected with civil life in its entirety.

There must be general economic betterment and equalized distribution granted. But there must also be advances made criminologically, a field which is not dictated only by economic conditions as some are wont to believe; there must be advances made along moral and religious lines, or some worthy substitute offered to take the place. Understanding of the powers of environment in moulding citizen life, good and bad, contributing or demanding, must be gained before a population can expect to revamp its superficial structures such as balanced communal life, for the moral fibre of a community forms the fundament of its civic superstructure—and so it shall be throughout the world.

The quality of a given community is determined by the quality of its adult population. The family unit, dictating as it does the efforts of its breadwinners, in turn dictates the collective effort of that community towards social advancement. Herein lies the power of the woman in her role as a wife and mother.

If she, the power behind the scenes, is capable of understanding and supporting the principles for which men are this day fighting, and will after this day struggle to achieve, then the fight will have been won, and what is more, made worth while and everlasting. But if our wives and the mothers to our children remain themselves as children, and prove incapable of adding the necessary fuel to light the smouldering ideals and emotions of her man into a flaming passion for achievement and success, then we are doomed.

Women! Concern yourselves with the problems you will be forced to face. What type of a community, what type of a family, what kind of children, and what quality of a man do you demand? All this is determined by your standard; and your standard is determined as you live. Let the stern challenge sink into the depths of your bodies and worry itself into your souls that were lulled in the 'thirties and 'forties with jazz-bands, necking parties, and purely self-concern—for as ye sow, so shall ye reap. (Quote.)

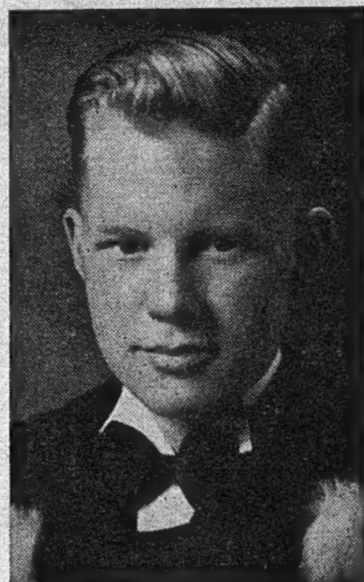
In the above lies a message that seems, strangely enough, to be related to the statement, "Ninety per cent of the female population at Alberta University show no active interest in this unit's war effort." It is not requested that three hundred and seventy-odd females turn out to knit every Friday at four—but we would be thrilled to see three hundred women hold mass meetings, lead the women throughout the city in a movement that concerns their duty during and after this war. What will they demand from their men? In the last war women's suffrage was the issue, and they won the right to freedom and equality. Is it remotely possible that issuing from this war will come proof of their right to this privilege? Not with the efforts shown so far on this campus—or do we misjudge?

Heigh-ho for the life of a student! He never acts proper or prudent. If he should fall from the path. He can always get up with a laugh. And say, "I'm just a stew-Dent."

IN THE NEWS



Frank Swanson, former editor-in-chief of The Gateway, and news and features writer for the Edmonton Journal, who will soon leave with the newly-formed mechanized unit under Major de Graves. Frank has received his lieutenant's commission.



Gordon Blair, President of the Students' Union of the University of Saskatchewan, and prominent debater, who was recently named 1941 Rhodes Scholar. Gordon was a representative of the U. of S. debating team here two years ago.

Much Ado About Nothing

By QUEENA WERSHOF

Students may come and students may go, but exams go on forever. We present a verse which has nothing to do with the above thought except that it, too, is about exams:

I like an exam,
I never cram,
I never flunk one,
I'm the professor.

Life is always full of interesting moments for Pembinites, what with the men's residence being right next door. For instance, one certain lunch hour, the girls became aware of a terrific commotion. The next moment a group of "young bloods" tossed something out into a snow bank. It proved to be a poor Frosh, sans shoes, sans suit, sans everything except his red flannels.

The girls, of course, modestly looked in the other direction till the unfortunate youth betook himself away.

Remarkable one Freshette as she wearily started for the third floor: "If I have to climb all the way to heaven, I'd rather go some place else."

The library was deathly still (except for the usual creaking of chairs, chattering co-eds and snoring hennies). Suddenly the silence was rent by the thud of marching feet, and one or two startled souls thought the entire army, at least, must be invading the hall of learning. But 't were only two O.T.C's.

Ejaculated one disgusted Frosh as he was rudely awakened, "No wonder they shoot soldiers!"

Every Saturday morning a certain student receives a fat letter from a friend at U.B.C. When she opened the envelope last week, however, the co-ed found only a stick of gum and the note: "I haven't a gossip to tell you this week, so chew on this."

And she did.

An Embarrassing Moment of the Week—A certain student calling on his girl friend one afternoon shyly proffered her a package. The innocent co-ed, believing it to be a parcel which her mother was expecting from the store, calmly put it in the icebox. "Aren't you going to open it?" asked the swain, a

trifle hurt to say the least. "Oh, mother will open it when she feels like it," came the airy reply. The chap gave her a puzzled glance and changed the subject.

When the parcel was opened that evening the embarrassed girl found, not the expected parcel, but a magnificent box of chocolates.

Who are the happiest people on earth? The four prize winning answers to this contest by an English newspaper were:

"A craftsman or artist whistling over a job well done."

"A little child building sand castles."

"A mother after a busy day, bathing her baby."

"A doctor who has finished a difficult and dangerous operation and saved a human life."

And the writer commented on the fact that no millionaires or kings or emperors were included in the answers. Although so many strove for riches and rank and power, their lives were not any happier when they achieved their goal. It would be a sad day on earth indeed if only the great could be happy. But happiness is for everybody, not for a few.

The question set us thinking: just what does one mean by happiness? The dictionary glibly defines it as the state of being happy. Then we questioned several students on the subject, and they looked most unhappy, and finally came out with such answers as, "I'm happy when I pass an exam I thought I flunked"; "I'm happy when I go out with somebody I like very much"; and one chap remarked, "Happy! I'm happiest when I'm tight, deliriously tight."

Which is a different approach to an ordinarily sober subject.

One famous writer states that "Happiness must be something permanent without fear and without uncertainty." Another dourly remarks, "Happiness is the perpetual possession of being deceived." And Kitty Foyle wisely advises, "When things are happy don't take time out to let anything hurt."

Ingersoll succinctly sums the question up: "The object of life is to be happy; the place to be happy is here; the time to be happy is now. The way to be happy is to make others happy."

And there you have it.

CANADIAN CAMPUS

By D. B. SUMNER
University of Manitoba

WINNIPEG, Man., Jan. 28 (C.U.P.)—The C.U.P. is a mighty machine. We have often expressed this sentiment, but never has it been proven so successfully as at the University of Toronto. It seems that one night recently the editor of the C.U.P. was aroused from a sound sleep by a telephone call. It was a plea from Queen's that he undertake a mercy mission. Queen's had made elaborate preparations for their Art Ball, even to the extent of engaging Mart Kenny and his Western Gentlemen to provide the music.

They also had a plant to sell corsages at the door for 50c and give all this money to the war effort. With everything in readiness it was suddenly discovered that corsages in Kingston couldn't be obtained for less than 75c. Would the editor "please" see if he could get them for 50c in Toronto and thus avert a catastrophe of finance.

He could and did. Two hundred and fifty corsages at 50c apiece were bought, tied with Queen's colors, and shipped to Kingston. Verily, verily, the C.U.P. has once again proven its worth.

The girls at the University of Manitoba are taking their deportment very seriously. The co-eds at one of the largest faculties have been attending what is known as a charm school. Manners, behavior, poise, and grace are instilled into the young ladies to counteract any suggestion of embarrassment in public place.

The girls are walking about the campus with their books on their heads instead of under their arms. They solemnly swear that it aids them in walking gracefully and resolutely any suggestion that it is silly.

One girl was seen the other day with her O.A.O. in tow, explaining to him that he must change his demeanor because it didn't fit in with

her new conceptions of etiquette. He was squirming impotently and getting in nothing but a long line of "buts." The men are disgustedly calling the campus "a gigolo's paradise."

All the Universities across Canada are back in full swing with the military training. All the publications feature C.O.T.C. orders and instructions within their pages. The Senate of the University of Toronto has freed all fourth year Chemical Engineering students to engage in the manufacture of munitions. They will be exempted from attendance and receive their degrees if their work has been satisfactory.

This is an indication of how solidly the Canadian student is behind the war effort. There is great activity in other fields as well. A Spitfire Fund is growing at New Brunswick and McGill and is being seriously mooted at many other universities. A nation-wide drive is going to be attempted on this and it would be an excellent concrete example of the feeling of university students in regard to the war.

Events are being held in aid of Red Cross on every campus and an astonishing sum of money has already been realized.

In art and music, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are going overboard in a big way. At the U. of S., drama has hit an all-time high with the establishment of a Dramatic Directorate which, in conjunction with the Saskatoon Little Theatre Club, will take charge of dramatizing this term. Charles LeMaistre, well known in eastern circles, has been engaged as director.

At the U. of M. the Student Symphony Orchestra holds attention. It was organized last fall and is the only University symphony orchestra in Canada. It has in the neighbor-

Coed Says Men Worst Gossips; Women Cattier Affirms Male

FEMALE STATEMENT

"Have you heard the latest? My dear, just wait until you hear—?" These sentences will draw instant attention anywhere. A juicy bit of gossip is about to be divulged, and most of us, if we are at all human, bend forward eagerly to catch the dirt. I have been given the delightful opportunity of commenting on the well known fact that men gossip. Of course men gossip! All sorts and varieties of them, including college males—and pretty lively gossip, too.

Gossip seems to be an inherent part of man's makeup. Did it ever occur to you that the most sensational "Who's divorcing who and why columns" are written by men? Even the meek little country school teacher will tell you that her biggest troubles are caused by that gossip old bachelor on the school board. We don't for a minute suppose those residence midnight bull sessions all conversationally centre around lectures and the latest war moves.

Many is the time you've imported an astounding remark to your male companion and received a laconic, "Oh, did you just hear that?" One only needs to go to a rugby game, surround oneself with home-brew collegians and incline one's ear. Do you recall that game in Sadie Hawkins' week between the Golden Tears and Roughskies? The crowd was pretty well settled, and there were only a few struggling in at the gates, when one of the boys in our section spotted Algy strolling in with a girl.

"Pipe the pins on that babe."

"Not bad, even with the blinkers on," said another.

"What d'ya suppose made her bring him?"

"He's the kind of a guy that'd remember her age, but forget her birthday."

And then, during the intermission, when everybody was looking around, somebody asked:

"Who's that Bob Whiteheads? Just look at her! They say love is blind, and he certainly sees more in her than I would."

"If he lets that wig of his grow much longer he'll have to get a violin."

"Boy, that him that Will Tell's dragging up the track has some chassiss."

"Some meat, eh?" said another. Or go to a hockey game where the male bystanders are heard lustily commenting on the various plays.

"Why doesn't he pass?"

"If he'd pass out it would be more to the point."

"Isn't that number three a dirty player? He's the type that wouldn't kill a man, but would read his obituary with pleasure."

"No wonder old Muddle muffed that one; if he'd go to bed instead of pubbing all night before a game, he'd prove less detrimental."

"Boy, look who Chick has with him. I mean that blonde number over there. Well, the kid that rooms across from me took her to the No Penny series last year, between the Roughskies and Tears, and at the end of the second period she wanted to know which were the U.B.C's. He's had high blonde pressure ever since."

If you want to get the low down on a prospective male conquest, just insert his name into the conversation, where his contemporaries are, and you'll probably hear that "the conquest" waves his hair, wears ear muffs, and comes from the shady side of the family tree.

Take a gander out in the Arts lobby at the various groups of males. That gleam in their eyes as you walk by is for the crooked seam in your stocking, which will more than likely steer the topic into other than academic channels.

And men don't gossip? Don't entertain the notion for a second, girls. We are not alone when it comes to gossip.

hood of fifty members and what is strange for an amateur orchestra, contains a full wind complement.

This has made a great hit on the Manitoba campus, and the concerts are received with avid interest. Looking over these efforts it would perhaps indicate that Canadian arts and music are slowly coming to a distinctive phase.

The University of Saskatchewan retained the McGoun trophy for debating recently in competition with the other three Western campii. This series of Intercollegiate debating was held simultaneously on one night at the different universities.

The topic of all four debates was, "Resolved that the recognition of a system of International Law offering a primacy to National Law offers the best hope for a permanent world peace." The final point standing was: Saskatchewan, 5; British Columbia, 4; Alberta, 4; and Manitoba, 3. This makes the seventh time and the third consecutive year that Saskatchewan has won the McGoun trophy.

Down south of the border the sorority gals are making their man hunt legal. In a recent picture magazine the girls were to be seen on the campus of the University of Utah checking up on any feds, shooting out of season or using illegal weapons.

It seems that some unethical gals were showing a trifle too much leg to suit the executive. After all, the president should come first! The girls who exposed their gams too freely were dealt with severely by their comrades in silk. The men were no doubt disgusted with this tyranny.

First thing they know the hobbie skirt era with hoops and all will be back. Canadian university girls have so far ignored this step and are still outgunning each other for dates in the approved manner. Not that the boys mind, because they just love it . . . mm-mm!

MALE DENIAL

Upon me has fallen the task of defending the masculine Bull Session against the attacks made upon it by its feminine counterpart. Why a group of feminine slanders warrants the name of Bull Session I am at a loss to understand. Hen Session would be far more appropriate. But Hen or not, whatever they say there is as remarkable collection of bull as one could expect to find anywhere.

Many males on the campus have had their curiosity piqued as to what does go on in one of these sessions. In order to illuminate my fellow down-trodden males, I risked my very life (I would say neck, but the connotation might be embarrassing) in order to learn the facts. Therefore I will now divulge what I have learned, and trust that such facts as I have unearthed will be of the utmost use to Campus Casanovas who wish to retain a pure, unblemished name. Also there is the hope that the more innocent feminine members of our institution will find this information of great value in their own defence.

It must be understood that a feminine Bull Session requires none of the regulations rooms or gathering places which so encumber the sessions of men. Two or more women in one place at the same time constitutes a session for these daughters of Eve. Sessionists (I trust that I may be permitted the term), as I say, sessionists of the female species are, at all times, primed to start the conversation at one of these meetings. To be considered a professional they must possess the knack of collecting all the little bits of gossip, information and general matters about the campus. Not only must they possess this knack, but they must be able to enlarge its importance, alter its implications and take from it any semblance to the commonplace.

Being possessed of these powers is a sure passport to membership in a session. Our next question is that of the subject of their conversations. This is very important. Subjects are confined to three major topics: Boys, Girls, and Boys and Girls. It is further understood that the majority of the members at the session should leave satisfied in the knowledge that the person under consideration leaves much to be desired in the way of character, dress or personal appearance.

When a boy is under discussion, due caution is usually observed, for one never knows just what the feelings of Fellow Sessionists might be in the matter. However, a true professional is usually able to ferret out, by subtle innuendo and adopted nativity, the exact feelings of the other members. If it is found that one of the girls has a soft place in her heart for the boy, the question is usually dropped, and the girl's name is mentally filed away as material for a session under the topic Girls or Girls and Boys. I am very glad to say that boys, when taken individually, do not suffer much in the process of the session.

In direct antithesis to this is the case of any poor girl who happens to come under the disapproval of the session. In such a case the paucity of pity is appalling. Ruthlessly they tear her reputation to shreds, and talk her clothing into the same state. Her hairdos are criticized. Her intelligence is belittled and her friends are condemned to the lower regions. This may sound very strong to the tender, innocent ear of you males, but it is true. Do not think that such action is candid and outright. Oh, no. Subtlety and innuendo are of prime importance in this case. You have no idea what a "And, my dear, you just cannot understand how I felt!" does to a girl's reputation. If it is accompanied by a carefully calculated wave of the hand, the effect is all the more devastating.

The third topic of these sessions, Boys and Girls, provides a maximum of entertainment. How many potential homes have been broken up in Hen Sessions we shall never know. Again the use of innuendo comes to the forefront. A certain formula of phrases and hand wavings, known only to the select, is considered infallible in getting the desired conception of any situation.

CKUA

University of Alberta, 580 Kilcycles Mountain Standard Time

Monday, February 3—
11:30—Music and Program resume.
11:45—News, CBC.
12:00—Ballet Music.
12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.
1:00—The Band Entertaining.
1:15—Olla for Driving Motors and Tractors: E. Stanfield, CKUA-CJCL.
1:30—Sunshine for Babies: Miss B. Emerson, CKUA-CJCL.
1:45—Music.
2:00—Presenting, CBC.
2:15—Light Opera Selections.
2:45—Hearts At Your Party, CBC.
3:30—Musically Speaking, CBC.
5:30—Commentary on the News, CBC.
6:00—With the Troops in England, CBC.
6:30—Symphony Hour: Opera.
7:30—Music.
8:00—News, CBC.
Tuesday, February 4—
11:30—Music and program resume.
11:45—News, CBC.
12:00—The Concerto.
12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.
1:00—Organ Melodies.
1:15—Gateway News, CKUA-CJCL.
1:30—The Book Chat, CKUA-CJCL.
1:45—Music.
2:00—School of the Air of the Americas, CBC.
2:30—Singers Past and Present.
2:45—Mind Your Manners, CBC.
3:15—Wauneta War Workers.
5:30—Musical Rendezvous, CBC.
5:55—Commentary on the News, CBC.
6:00—Music.
6:15—Highlights of Stage and Screen.
6:30—Chamber Music.
7:00—Toronto Symphony Orchestra, CBC.
8:00—News, CBC.

or person across. Imagine the effect of three mystical gesticulations with the odd "And when I think of what the rest of you have told me—" on the greener members of the session. Think of the power possessed by a correctly infected "Well-ll." Perforce, we males must realize that women are born with certain powers in these matters which a poor insignificant man could never master. In days gone by, when men were men, rumor was only a political instrument to be used in cases of extreme necessity. The modern woman has transformed it into a social tool. Heaven help the working man!

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CAPITOL—To Tuesday night—"Second Chorus." Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard, Artie Shaw and Orchestra. Wednesday, Jan. 29—"Four Mothers." Lane Sisters, Claude Rains.

PRINCESS—Wed., Thurs., Fri., Jan. 29, 30, 31—Elsa Maxwell's "Public Debutate No. 1" and English Cast in "Four Just Men."

STRAND—Tues., Wed., Thurs., Jan. 28, 29, 30—Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in "Strike Up the Band." Special Attraction on our stage Wednesday—A Rollicking "Jive and Jam" Session, featuring "Jitterbug Contestants." Don't miss it!

EMPRESS—Wed., Thurs., Fri., Jan. 29, 30, 31—Fred MacMurray in "Men With Wings" and Bing Crosby "Starmaker."

VARSCONA—Wed., Thurs., Fri., Jan. 29, 30, 31—Double Feature: "You Can't Fool Your Wife" and "The Saint in London." Coming Sat., Mon., Tues., Feb. 1, 3, 4—Errol Flynn in "The Sea Hawk," with Added Shorts.

GARNEAU—Mon., Tues., Wed., Jan. 27, 28, 29—Double Feature: Jeannette MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade," also Kay Francis in "Women in the Wind." Coming Thurs., Fri., Sat., Jan. 30, 31, Feb. 1—Clive Brook in that grand English Picture "Convoy," and "Little Tough Guys in Society" with the Dead End Kids.

RIALTO—Three days, starting Wed., Jan. 29—Double Feature Program: Constance Bennett and Brian Aherne in "Merrily We Live," brought back by popular demand; Second Feature: "House of Seven Gables" with George Saunders, Margaret Lindsay and Vincent Price.

GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Interfac Boxing And Wrestling Wednesday

Improved Bear Team Loses 9-6 To Maple Leaf Juniors; Play Best Game Of Season

EXACTLY THIRTY SEE BOUT

Lane's Penalty Proves Costly

Last Saturday night the Golden Bears lost to the Edmonton Maple Leafs, 9-6. That is a plain bald statement of fact, but things should have been, and almost were, far, far different. Though the Bears came out on the short end of the count, they looked like certain winners from the start. Only a relaxation in the closing minutes of the game allowed the Maple Leafs to chalk up four goals and walk away with the game. It was definitely the best performance the Bears have turned in this year, and if they continue to show such improvement they should have little difficulty in winning any future engagements.

From start to finish the match was a furiously fought battle, packed with enough thrills to satisfy even the most rabid of fans. The Green and Gold squad forced the play all the way and held a commanding lead until twelve minutes from the final bell. Play was at first disorganized as the teams accustomed themselves to a fast sheet of ice. Pat Costigan opened the scoring at 11:50 when he

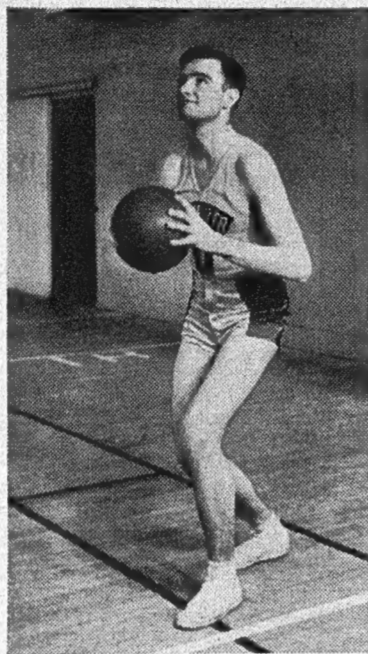
scored on a pass from Chesney. Costigan drove the puck into a corner of McCauley's net as he slid to the ice and skidded to the boards. Tempo of the play was steadily increasing, and the some thirty spectators present were kept in a state of constant excitement. Pringle of the harassed Maple Leafs countered the next goal when he rapped a rebound from Colter past Leggett. Leggett had turned the two previous shots, but was unable to clear the puck, and Pringle took full advantage of the fact. Towards the end of the period Bud Chesney beat McCauley for the picture goal of the frame. McCauley slid into a fast shot, stopped the rubber but failed to find it. Chesney picked it from beneath the goalkeeper and flipped it in. Bear supporters grouped around the stoves during intermission seemed convinced that it was Varsity's night to shine.

Varsity continued to command the play during the second period, though only fine defensive work prevented the Leafs from scoring more than one occasion. Both Santopinto and Lambert played their best games of the season, and were a big help on the Bear defense. Darling scored from Chesney at 8:50, and the Leafs, fighting hard to cut down the Bear lead, countered a few minutes later. Devicq was responsible for that tally, turning a pass from Pringle to good account. Lane passed to Crowder, and his goal completed the scoring for the period.

With a 4-2 lead going into the third, things looked rosy for the Bears. Before spectators were properly seated, Chesney took a pass from Darling and hammered it past McCauley. Pace was exceedingly fast, and both teams were able to work in some rough play in the corners, where Referee Runge's vision was slightly restricted. Chesney was sent off for tripping, but the Leafs were unable to capitalize on their advantage. Later, Dutchak scored when he drove the puck from a pile-up in front of the Varsity net.

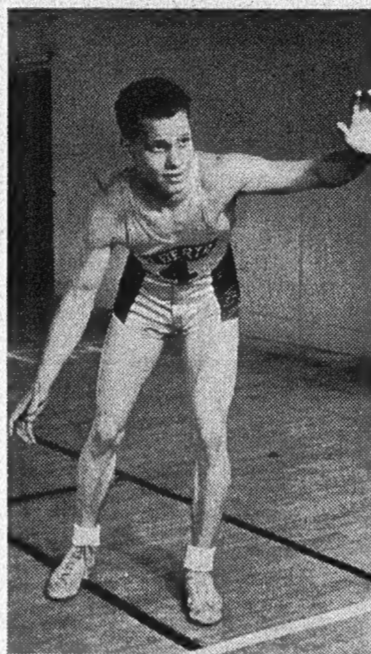
Then the calamity happened. Lane was sent off for holding, and in those two minutes the Leafs, sparked by Pete Gregor, counted four goals, wiping out in effect all hope of victory for the Bears. Snedden got the first, on a pass from Gregor, who came right back from the face-off to score himself. As was fitting, Snedden got the assist. Then Pringle fed the puck to Gregor, and the Leafs moved into the lead 6-5. The Maple Leafs put on furious pressure, and the Alberta defense completely collapsed. Gregor scored from Plesko, to make a total of three goals and an assist, all in the short space of two minutes. At 15:10 Devicq added to the Leaf margin, Dutchak assisted. The Bears were playing every man up in an effort to equalize, but such play was peculiarly adapted to the Leaf formation, a grouping of forwards in the centre ice region. Devicq broke away and scored on a solo attempt. At 18:50 Chesney tallied the last goal of the period for a final score of 9-6.

CAMERON



Above is Stan Cameron, President of Basketball. Stan is busy checking on arrangements for the Bears' trip to Saskatoon, which comes off one week from Friday.

ANDERSON



The gentleman in this shot illustrating how it is done is Foy Anderson, veteran guard for Varsity basketball. Anderson is in his third year on the squad.

Boxing and Wrestling Tourney Scheduled Wednesday Night; 20 Contestants Enter Bouts

Six Boxing, Four Wrestling Matches Arranged IN ATHABASKA GYM

Boxing and wrestling fans are in for a fine evening's entertainment tomorrow (Wednesday) night at 8:00 p.m., when the annual interfac boxing and wrestling tournament swings into action in Athabaska gymnasium. With six boxing bouts and four wrestling matches on the list, a good evening is promised to anyone who likes to watch the proponents of these noble arts.

In the past interfac tournaments have been noted for the vim and vigor with which the contestants go at one another, and this year should prove no exception. Especially with the chance of making the trip to Saskatoon for the intervarsity as rewards for the successful contestants.

Unfortunately Wally Beaumont, well known coach of the Boxing Club, was forced to withdraw from the club because of leaving the city, but the boxers have been fortunate in obtaining the services of Alex Wynnychuk, an old-timer, who knows all the tricks of the trade. Coach Wynnychuk was amateur provincial welterweight champion in 1926, and since then has been associated with several athletic clubs in the city. Under his excellent coaching the boys have been coming right along, and are prepared to show their wares tomorrow night.

Now a word as to the contestants. In the heavyweight division, Les Willox, a Beaumont trophy winner, has not been able to be matched. However, efforts are being made to get an army man from overtown to meet Les, and it is certain he will have a match.

In the light heavyweight division, John Dixon will clash with Roche. Dixon is well known for his ring prowess, and should turn in a capable performance against Roche.

A wealth of material abounds in the welterweight class. No less than three bouts are promised; Buchanan will meet Stubbs, McCracken meets Brewerton, and Hanson will take on Wright.

Only one bout is scheduled for the lightweights — Edwards will meet Hahn. In looking over the men who will participate in the wrestling end of the card, the match of the evening will be when light-heavy and middleweights meet in the persons of Ted "Dirty" Smith and "Stan" Pearson. These two boys have been on the last two intervarsity teams, and are in better shape this year than ever before.

A good match is promised when Carl Rolf and Al Trott meet in the lightweight division. Both of these boys are new to the interfacuity teams, but they are in good condition and have been working out in regular fashion, promising to show good form on the mat.

In the flyweight division we should have some fast work to watch when Don "Dopey" McCormick, of Philharmonic fame, meets with Clem Brooks, who is just out of the north, and promises to give Dopey a run for his points.

In the welterweight class Herb Wilson, an intervarsity veteran, will meet Dick Corbet, a new man on the mat.

Unfortunately, the annual show between Ed "Strangler" Lewis and Deep "Dope" McDaniels will not be presented. This classic has had to be cancelled because Deep has suffered an injury to his foot which will not allow him to grapple.

Cold Weather Chills Skiers

Main events of the Outdoor Club Ski tournament Sunday afternoon were the slalom races run off under the able direction of Bob Freeze and Frank Woodman. Time and score-keepers were awarded with frost-bitten fingers for their efforts, while the participants kept themselves warm climbing the hill and careening down again. Winners in the men's slalom were: First, Bob Crosby; second, P. Horsfall; third, Neil Carr. Women's results were as follows: First, Peggy Trotter; second, Gladys Smith; third, Helen Jenkins. Although final arrangements have not been made with Saskatchewan for an intervarsity ski meet here, it is hoped that the U. of S. will send skiers to Alberta next week.

The new well which was put in this fall is still giving water, although it is necessary at times to crash through the ice to get it. The kitchen that was promised is not yet under way.

This week's howler—or is it! The partition of Poland was a wall built to keep the Germans out of Russia.

Beat Me, Daddy

(Continued from Page 2)

space. Ellington's Mood Indigo, Basie's numerous jumpy stuff, and Dorsey's contrasts, his theme by the way, ranks among the best to be heard.

Benny Goodman's new band is composed almost entirely of new material. Goodman finds a man, makes him and then has the man leave to form his own band on the spot. He gained with Goodman. Watch him pull the hat trick with his new group.

U.S. income tax returns should get a fine feeling from the news that Bing Crosby is to make three pictures a year at \$175,000 for three years, while he has a 5-year contract with Decca records at a guarantee of \$60,000 and a cut of about \$40,000 over that. Kraft Music Hall brings in the odd dollar, too. Maybe Bing will finally get a horse that will win a race.

Hal Kemp, Three Little Fishes man, was killed recently in an auto accident. A loss to the music world of a fine band leader and a man whom everyone liked and respected. Latest version of man-versus-man because-of-woman is the suit which Bobby Byrne brought against Glenn Miller for stealing his chirper, Dorothy Claire. He claims she's worth \$25,000.

Will Osborne has left his band to go to Hollywood to produce musical shorts—no reference to laundry intended. His band and its entire library he turned over to his men, and they will function as a co-operative organization fronted by vocalist Dick Rogers.

Goodbye now. DADDY. "Mother, is it true I'm descended from monkeys?" "I don't know, dear. I've never met your father's people."

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By BILL HEWSON

According to word received by this department Monday, the Aurora senior basketball team in the City League has been forced to withdraw from competition. As far as we can learn, several of their players have joined up, and it has proven increasingly difficult to field a team. We are sorry to see Auroras leave; they have always been a strong contender for league honors, and invariably provided strong opposition for any team. We can only hope that their enforced retirement for this season is temporary, and that the club will be back in the league next winter.

According to local papers Monday night, Varsity will be represented in a football circuit that will operate next fall, if the Western Conference folds. The proposed Alberta Senior League consists of a Calgary team (the Bronks), Edmonton Eskimos, and our own Golden Bears. We feel that this would be a very fine thing for Varsity, and while we would be rather sorry to see the Western Conference fold, the formation of a senior loop should be very beneficial to Varsity players. And there is no reason why next fall's edition of the rugby team shouldn't be as good as last fall's. Time will tell.

We earnestly recommend the Interfac Boxing and Wrestling tournament Wednesday night to any sports fan looking for an enjoyable evening's entertainment. The boys have been practising hard and getting in condition for some little time now and are absolutely at the peak. So how about coming out and giving the boys your active support, as well as putting in an enjoyable evening.

Tonight sees the semi-final game of the interfac basketball league. Arts clash with Aggies to see who will fight it out for the right to enter the final against the powerful Pharm-Dent outfit. How about a little support at these games. We can vouch for the fact that they are quite interesting.

Notwithstanding what our Friday contemporaries say, Varsity teams are still "Golden Bears," not "Polar Bears." We really don't think that we would very often be confused with any American college team with a similar name.

Apparently the Outdoor Club turnouts are holding up well. The cabin and ski hill are proving popular with large numbers of students. Even the veriest tyro can enjoy an afternoon at the hill—so if you haven't tried it yet, how about it?

The senior hockey team is coming along. Saturday's game was one of the best of the year, and with another game or so the boys should really be clicking. But a little more support would be appreciated. The last game had the magnificent gallery of exactly thirty—about half of whom were Varsity students!

All of which seems to wind up proceedings for the day.

Arts Swamp Commerce-Law Hoopsters 33-18 in Interfaculty

Playing off a sudden death game to determine which team should enter the semi-finals of the Interfac Basketball League, Arts decisively trimmed Comm-Law 33-18 in a game played Monday night in Athabaska gymnasium.

By virtue of Education's win over the Comm-Law team last week, Arts and Comm-Law were tied for third place, necessitating last night's game to determine who should advance into the playoffs.

The win enables Arts to meet Aggies tonight (Tuesday) in the regular semi-final, game to begin at 8:15 in Athabaska.

On the whole, play was rather rough, and the short-handed, as far as substitutes went, Commerce squad at no time proved a threat to the smooth working Arts team. Arts started off with a bang, and ended the first half on the long end of a 16-9 score. The first half was definitely Arts all the way.

Commerce sharpshooters attempted many long shots from well out, and their shooting accuracy was definitely not up to par. Arts were more effective around the basket, Warshawski being particularly in getting the rebounds.

After the breather, Comm-Law came back with a rush, but were unable to overcome the Artsmen's commanding lead. Smoother passing, using short passes from a fast break to get in on the basket, Arts scored time and time again to put the game on ice.

Arts scorers were led by Warshawski, with no less than 14 points, high for the evening, followed by Dumont with 8. Bradshaw, Metcalfe, Grisdale and Wendt each picked up two points. Deane scored one on a free throw.

For Commerce, Herringer led the parade with 7, followed by Treacy with 4, Gammon with 3, and Rae and Collins with 2 each.

Most effective for the Moscovich crew were Warshawski, Dumont and Shortcliffe. The last-named played a particularly effective game at guard, and looks like good material for a senior squad.

Treacy was the spearhead of the Comm-Law attack, ably aided and abetted by Herringer and Gammon. Although outclassed, the Comm-Law chaps put up a hard fight, and may well be content to rest on their laurels.

SWIMMING NOTICE

There will be a mixed meet Wednesday night, January 29th, at 9:00 p.m., at the Y.W.C.A.

The girls will meet at the regular time.

All interested are cordially invited to turn out. Please be on time.

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NOTICE!

Snapshot Competition

Snapshots may now be entered in the Evergreen and Gold competition. Prints with description on back may be deposited in the Year Book box at the post office. Three prizes of free Year Books or their monetary equivalent are offered. All clear prints will be printed in the Year Book regardless of merit, so everyone send in as many pictures as possible.